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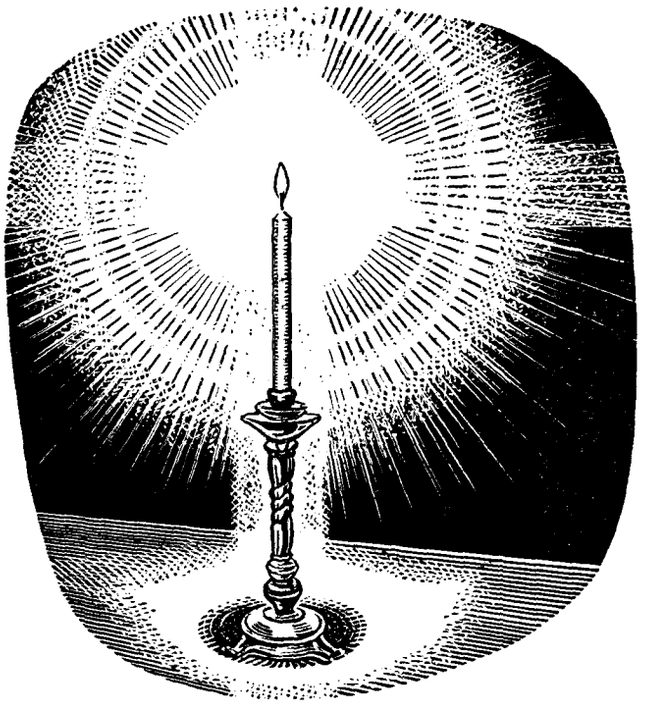

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

RELIGION IN THE CAMPAIGN

OF ALL the identifiable blocs in the American electorate few loom more sizable and attractive to our political strategists than the rolls of the nation's various religious bodies. In past decades this has more than once led political aspirants to arouse sectarian passions on a major scale. Two striking instances were the electioneering which charged the opposition with "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" and the Presidential campaign of 1928.

Happily that last attempt to inflame religious prejudices has aroused widespread revulsion since. Political strategists today have to resort to other means of winning the adherence of large numbers of the religious-minded, who, as far as formal affiliation goes, represent more than half the people in this country. During the campaign, for example, the public has to be kept informed where each candidate has attended church Sunday after Sunday—and this requirement stays in force whether on a particular Sunday said candidate has felt any personal inclination or religious compulsion to attend church services or not. Newspaper photographs of the candidates with the local minister, or with various religious leaders, comprise important segments in the general panorama presenting each man as he is supposed to be.

This invasion of each candidate's private life is hard to justify on any but the grounds of political expediency. Perhaps there is something to be said for it on the grounds of example, on the basis that it builds up among newspaper readers of all ages the idea that going to church is quite the thing to do. But this practice appears to be far less justified than such time-honored customs as invocations at political conventions and references to divine guidance in Presidential campaign speeches. The decisions that have to be made by a President and his party under present circumstances are so far-reaching that men with a sense of responsibility might well tend spontaneously to resort to prayer.

There is, moreover, everything to indicate that both Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson are sincerely, and perhaps even deeply, religious men. For Mr. Eisenhower to open each Cabinet meeting with a prayer appears to be the most natural thing in the world for him, as are certain prayers and aspirations that occur in his speeches. It was characteristic of him that early in his first official campaign speech the President felt it important to assure his followers and potential supporters that he had peace of mind. Mr. Stevenson's less frequent references to his Maker seem no less natural, if colored by a somewhat different religious emphasis than his rival's. Many of the objectives he places before his countrymen are moral imperatives deriving from a religious point of view.

THE REPUBLICANS seem to be under a particular temptation to exploit religion for partisan political purposes—a temptation for which their standard-bearer's personal piety serves only as a starting point. There is a certain Protestant ethic which has long persuaded many in this country. It is to the effect that material prosperity is the reward, not only of ingenuity, industry and thrift but also of virtue in the strictly religious sense. In other words, the successful in this world are also the elect in a religious sense. Prosperity is not only a just desert for hard work but a sign of God's favor.

When this conviction is brought into the proximity of the Republican doctrine of national prosperity, it is but a short leap to the conclusion that God is on the side of the Republican party. It is because of this connection that some observers were disquieted by the introductory passages in this campaign's Republican platform, claiming as

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it did for that party the prerogative of preserving the nation's ideals of trust in God and His Providence, and of the freedom and rights of men.

If no one claims that the 1956 Presidential election involves a religious issue, there are special circumstances that give religion a prominence that is unusual in an American political campaign, with consequent temptations to speech-writers and strategists to play unduly upon the religious sentiments of the electorate.

EUROPEAN UNITY

NECESSITY may well be, as Rabelais terms it, "a violent schoolmistress," but those who study under her ferule usually learn their lessons well. There is some evidence that the nations of Western Europe, under her harsh tutelage, may be groping their way to that greater unity which may be necessary for their very survival.

Thus, the threat to her economic lifeline represented by the Egyptian seizure of Suez has resulted, if not in unanimity, at least in the desire for unity among the nations of Western Europe. It is further significant that France and West Germany will sign the Saar Treaty on the occasion of a meeting of the seven-nation Western European Union. Controversy over the rich Saar region has poisoned the springs of French-German relations for generations, and it was feared that new bitterness between the two would result when the Saarlanders voted a year ago to return to Germany and sever most of their economic links to France.

But the anticipated bitterness between France and West Germany did not ensue; rather both countries, in negotiating the details of the Saar Treaty, discovered a narrow basis of European integration which they are anxious to widen, as is evidenced by Premier Mollet's remark that "the Saar is behind us—now we can get on with Europe."

Premier Mollet and Chancellor Adenauer have agreed on several specific steps for "getting on" with the greater integration of Western Europe. These steps—which would have been unthinkable in the narrowly nationalistic climate of twenty years ago—include the establishment of a European atomic energy pool, the creation of a common market for manufactured goods and an arms production pool. Standing no longer in the lengthy shadows of Bismarck and the Second Empire, Germany and France will join in advocating these specific measures at the forthcoming meeting of the Western European Union.

Certainly the rest of the free world, already dangerously divided and distracted by nationalistic ambitions and jealousies among allies, will watch this meeting of the Union with great interest, sharing the hope of Messrs. Mollet and Adenauer that it will open a "new era of rapid European integration."

AN UN-COMIC BOOK

BECAUSE wit is so often distrusted in politics, political campaigns tend to be solemn as well as serious. Certainly the most humorous incidents in the Republican campaign—the debacle of the Convention Program whose cover initially bore a Rodin reproduction in which the three figures looked less like Peace, Prosperity and Progress than Doom, Despair and Defeat and, later, the Convention creation of "Joe Smith"—were accidental rather than planned. As if to counteract such incidents, the Republicans have put out what they call a comic book; and it is serious.

The comic book, which the Republican National, Congressional and Senatorial Committees have designed for the campaign, is entitled "Forward with Eisenhower-Nixon" and is made up of both pictures and text. While much of it merely presents information in a simplified fashion, one section was significant enough to make its way into a recent Presidential news conference.

The passage states that "more people are employed today than ever before. There are 4,000,000 more jobs now in peacetime than the Democrats had with their wars." In assessing the issues of War and Peace, the Republicans responsible for the

NEXT WEEK

J. L. BENVENISTI writes about the British system of National Health Service.

"Before the service became a working reality it seemed almost natural to suppose that it would get itself organized around a system of streamlined clinics in which the citizens would be depersonalized, card-indexed and reduced, as it were, to their lowest common clinical denominators. . . . The family doctor seemed likely finally to disappear. Exactly the opposite has happened."

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pamphlet thus seemed willing to share, crediting themselves with peace and giving to the Democrats credit for the wars. And the responsible Republicans who put their names on the "comic" book are Chairman Leonard W. Hall, Senator Andrew F. Schoeppel and Representative Richard M. Simpson.

When asked about the questionable passage, President Eisenhower strongly opposed the sentiment it expressed. "I don't believe," he said, "when America gets into war we can afford to call it anything but our war." The President thus dismissed the specious argument that one party was responsible for the wars in which America engaged. Although other Republican leaders did not immediately follow his lead, we can hope that the President's statement was sufficiently strong to remove the argument from campaign rhetoric.

It is unfortunate that leading members of the Republican Party would make charges which they knew the President would strongly and sincerely reject. It is particularly unfortunate when they are charges of this nature. For when one party is labeled and thought of as the "Depression Party" or the "War Party" the possibility of fruitful discussion of important issues is seriously diminished. Even the sensible cynicism which many voters have concerning campaign rhetoric cannot withstand entirely the tempting phrase when it is repeated with the insistence of the advertiser. All citizens can be grateful that the President has opposed this uncomic effort of a few Republican leaders.

THE PARISH CREDIT UNION

PERHAPS no group in modern times has dramatized quite so forcefully the importance of administering to the general needs of one's parishoners than the French priest-workers. And in France itself and French Canada there have been a number of instances where the parish has gone beyond the school and the basic task of administering the Sacraments to help grapple with the difficulties confronting the families and individuals in its charge. It is not surprising, then, that of the ten largest Catholic parish credit unions in the United States, eight are in New England and presumably of French Canadian origin—the largest, in Jeanne D'Arc Parish of Lowell, Mass., has nearly six thousand members.

In times of stringent credit conditions like the present, many families are hard put even to secure at all loans at high interest for various emergencies and other serious needs. It is fitting and part of a long-standing tradition that parishes should help their people to organize so that they can obtain essential things they need. Moreover it should not be forgotten that St. Francis Xavier of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has in locality after locality used the credit union as the starting point for its impressive program of adult education.

ELECTIONS HERE AND ABROAD

THE INVITATION which America has extended to various countries to send representatives to observe our elections has several advantages. For there are relatively few informed Americans who are completely satisfied with the electoral processes of the United States. The average citizen probably has one or two complaints about local patronage and corruption, and his distrust and uncertainty are great enough so that he often uses the term "politician" to denigrate rather than praise or designate. Those more knowledgeable and critical sometimes question the very basis of our electoral system, and ask if it attracts to the political life those who are most highly qualified. The more radical even question whether the electorate will vote for leadership rather than popularity, whether democracy, as we know it, is viable.

The invitation which we have made to the Soviet Union and other countries is intended, of course, to give the observers and—it is hoped—their respective countries a better understanding of our electoral processes. We put the United States on view as a country whose citizens freely choose their representatives and leaders. The invitation is part of a larger policy whose goal is to enable countries to exchange more readily cultural, political, and technical information—and to persuade them to do so on a two-way street. As part of this over-all policy, the invitation is commendable.

But the invitation has particular pertinence for Americans at this time. For it should make them more clearly aware of the actual differences which exist between the electoral processes of the United States and those of other countries. The differences will not be such that they will still all criticism of our own imperfect system. But they will highlight the alternatives which exist in our present world. And they will help diminish the undue cynicism and malaise which must be the lot of all who surrender themselves to a steady diet of campaign oratory, the seemingly wasteful but actually necessary accompaniment of our electoral processes.

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WONDERLAND

THE ATMOSPHERE of America is becoming positively heady these days with various predictions of better, bigger and brighter things to come. We had been contemplating Vice President Nixon's terrestrial paradise, from which the five-day week and all "back-breaking toil and mind-wearying tension" had been banished, and had scarcely brought our swivel chairs back to earth when we met a prophecy which made Mr. Nixon's look like the savage realism of Jonathan Swift.

This latest rending of the veil was done by the skilled hand of David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, who can speak with authority on the mechanical marvels which await us in 1976.

We are awed and appreciative when he predicts electronic light, which will be without heat, without glare and almost without shadow, or when he foresees that weather will then not only be forecast months ahead, but that man will be able to make the weather he desires.

The ladies, of course, figure largely in Mr. Sarnoff's blueprint for the future. They will live in an all-automatic home, in which the day's chores will be pre-scheduled, with each of the tasks performed electronically. Only the captious would point out that there are still a few wee snakes in Mr. Sarnoff's garden: how can you get people to agree on what weather they want, or be sure that Junior, in a burst of petulance, might not switch the bath gadget and cooking gadget, so that the baby, instead of being bathed, might be parboiled.

For our part, we accept Mr. Sarnoff's vision of the electronic age without cavil. We are disturbed, however, when he broadens the base of his vision to include not only electronic, but human marvels as well. Thus, he predicts that war "as an instrument of international policy will be outlawed," and also foresees that "Soviet Communism will collapse under the weight of its economic fallacies, its political follies and the pressures of a restive, discontented population."

With a Keatsian sigh, we turn back to today's headlines, musing less about Mr. Sarnoff's vision of the possible world of 1976 than about his version of the world today.

A LITTLE FREEDOM

AMERICAN Communists, like the members of other national Communist parties, have experienced the ordeals of self-examination and reappraisal since the official denigration of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress. They have, for example, gone through the now-familiar debate as to whether destalinization meant shattering, or merely smudging the ikon, and have argued the limits to which the correction of past "left-sectarianism" should go.

These debates and arguments in the wake of debasing "the cult of personality" have been conducted with surprising, but perhaps inevitable, latitude in the pages of the American *Daily Worker*. Reading them, one is struck by two possibilities. One possibility is that freedom of discussion and the often violent self-criticism may well indicate, as Eugene Dennis, Howard Fast and other Communist spokesmen have claimed, a vitality that presages new strength.

The other possibility, based on the printed comments both of people highly placed in the Party and of obscure "rank-and-filers," is that the air of free discussion is really being gulped in welcome draughts. A little freedom, like a little knowledge, is a dangerous thing. American Communists have tasted both, and when the inevitable order comes to close up ranks, the lines may not be quite as straight as they were when Nikita Khrushchev called "At ease" last February.

THE KLAN REVIVES

THE ATTEMPT to put into effect the Supreme Court's decision on integration has evoked some ugly spectacles. One of the most disturbing is the strong revival of the Ku Klux Klan. For, like a spreading parasite on a healthy organ, it has returned with surprising strength. Doing an injustice to each term he employed, E. L. Edwards of Atlanta, the Imperial Wizard of the KKK, called it a "white Protestant benevolent order" when the Klan recently staged a great demonstration in Georgia.

Attacking the Klan's common enemies—Negroes, Catholics and Jews, press, radio and television—Mr. Edwards rejoiced in the Klan's new strength, in the fact that the Klan was not on the Attorney General's list, on the Klan's new plan to "protect itself." Dressed in colorful robes, the Klan elicited from an elderly woman observer the comment, "Isn't that a beautiful sight?" It was not. It was profoundly ugly. And it is an ugliness that must disappear if we are to foresee the time when we will have real integration in our country.

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Crisis of Conscience

"THERE IS IN SOUTH AFRICA THE HISTORY OF MORE THAN A CENTURY OF VIOLENT CONFLICT TO STIR PASSION AND BLIND JUDGMENT IN RACIAL RELATIONS"

FINBAR SYNNOTT

IF A personal explanation may be forgiven, I would like to say that the writer is a permanent resident in South Africa, and this article is written with some apprehension about its utility. Our race situation in South Africa is so grave and intimate that one should be very chary of encouraging partially informed opinions about it in other countries. Just as a man in the throes of conversion, or facing some crisis too grave for ordinary discussion, is often best left alone, and only irritated and hardened by outside comment however well meaning, so the best help outsiders may give is possibly to leave South Africa alone to settle its own conscience. People here are as much aware of Christian moral principles as their counterparts overseas. They know all that has to be done.

For while it is true that the colored peoples in South Africa—natives, mixed and Indian—suffer a serious deprivation of human rights, and suffer intensely, it is also true that the man who appears to be the villain of the piece, the white who has the sole effective voting power in government, is not a bad man, but only one upon whom a quite extraordinary moral crisis has been forced by circumstances. To produce a state of justice he will have to give up more than is usually asked of any people outside war, drastically to reduce his standard of living, to give up half the country to date called his, or to give up his national identity.

The reasons for this situation are in our history. In the last century Africa was "opened up" by European colonial expansion, and by the expansion of one white race already resident for two hundred years in the Cape Peninsula. The Cape Dutch, descendants of traders of the East India Company and Huguenot refugees (our Pilgrim Fathers), had no longer any home in Europe, had a new language and new traditions. They felt, as Jan Smuts once said: "I too am an African." English settlers, and others, began to take up the same attitude. By the end of the nineteenth century, Cecil Rhodes was visualizing a sort of United States in Southern Africa, without any clear calculation as to relative influences of different races in the population. This is a basic fact about the South African mentality that must always be remembered. While a large part of Africa was colonized by the Latin races, who do not create color bars, and another large part in Central, East and West Africa was colonized with a sort of trusteeship in view—a mentality that soon came to be recognized under the principle of the "paramountcy of native interests"—South Africa and Rhodesia were to be permanent settler countries, climatically suited to the white man as Africa further north is not. The settlers were predominantly of the Protestant and Nordic peoples, who will not (to date) mix their blood with colored races. At the moment Rhodesia appears to be very different from South Africa. But its apparently liberal Federation was forced upon unwilling natives, and it shows every sign of developing the same problem as South Africa.

THE SITUATION in South Africa is that two million whites have fanned out over the whole bottom of Africa, spread among eight million Africans and a million or so colored people of mixed Malay, Hottentot and European blood. There are also about one hundred thousand Indians. The problem the settlers and trekkers never visualized, or quietly left for their descendants, has now come upon South Africa. Elsewhere, as in Nigeria, the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone, the Africans are coming to political maturity. But in South Africa they are in a great majority (a circumstance which makes any comparison with the United States of very little value), and moreover, very many are still in a primitive tribal state, so that the states they would form if in a political majority would not for a long time compare with European states in

Father Finbar Synnott, O.P., stationed in South Africa, has contributed to *Blackfriars* and other English publications.

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efficiency and would be of an ethos and culture abhorrent to the European. Moreover, there is the history of more than a century of violent conflict, suspicion, contempt on one side and resentment on the other, to stir passion and blind judgment in racial relations. The title to occupancy of much of the country is even disputable, for in some areas the Europeans and Africans met coming in from opposite ends, while in others the Europeans dispossessed the Africans of areas from which they themselves had recently driven

the Bushmen and Hottentots. It is this strange and unique situation, so little understood overseas, that faces the several million Europeans who have no homeland but South Africa.

The problem for the European is this: There is no way of framing a common qualification for the vote and normal political rights which would not give the Africans control of the country long before they reached European standards of technical development, and development of what the European expects of his surroundings in "civilization."

I am avoiding the word "culture" here, for culture, in the sense of living consistently with a spiritual principle, is possibly as much present in African tribalism as in the confusion of present Western culture. I put "civilization" in quotation marks because so much of what we call civilization is, from a Catholic point of view, only of relative value. But some factor beyond technical development must be mentioned, to show that there is a threat to something the European, rightly or wrongly, believes to be of even more value than technology, i.e., hygiene, a rule of law, aesthetic habits and his sense of guardianship of Christianity, which is real, however little Christianity may actually bite into his life.

Two very bitter alternatives are therefore open to him: either he must accept a gradual absorption into a mixed-color state of lower standards, which would also quickly repeal laws against miscegenation and so cause the mixture of blood that is so abhorrent to him, or else he must redraw the map of Southern Africa, giving enormous areas to the Africans to make separate countries. Probably nothing less than half the extent of South Africa would be sufficient: one half of the land his fathers fought for and struggled for in a manner comparable to the heroes of any saga, where the towns and passes bear their names and about which his poems and songs have been written.

To these very strong human motivations can be added most solid, sensible reasons, such as men always fly to in a struggle of conscience. It is the duty of the white man to hold on, not only for his own sake but for the sake of the black man, for either alternative would mean a loss in progress and civilization, the land improvidently used and the encroachments of the Kalajari desert—real enough even now—left unhindered. The delicate economy of a country sixty per cent dependent on the export of gold would be wrecked if the way of absorption were allowed; both Europeans and others reduced to half their present standard of living if the separation policy were fully followed. Half the African manpower is already working in the European areas, in farms and huge towns, and even a gradual separation would mean immense loss to both.

PEOPLE ABROAD should not be surprised, therefore, if South Africa is having a struggle with its conscience. Nor should they be surprised if, in the struggle between so much emotion, common sense and good will, harshness and bitterness sometimes appear or, if, in an attempt to evade this tremendous issue, to get time to think, the European is protecting his present dominance with discriminating laws. All the details that sound so shocking overseas, of which it is only too easy to make journalistic capital, must be understood in the framework of the major problem.

Finally, at this moment when the European should be calmly facing his conscience, his house is divided against itself. Boer and Briton fought for South Africa, and a forced peace, taking no account of this problem to come, handed over the country to be shared on an equal footing by two of the most diverse peoples in the world, with different languages, different meanings for the words in the languages and a wholly different culture and way of living and thinking. The Afrikaner tradition is that of the farm and the veldt. The English is that of the mine and the commercial town. The Afrikaner Church is Calvinist. South African Calvinism has its own peculiar view of National Vocation and of unqualified loyalty to all national preferences; the people's faith is declining, but there is yet much left of real faith in the prophetical vocation of the descendants of the first refugees to lead the unknowing people to the Gospel. The liberal Protestant culture of the English-speaking people ridicules this view, and sets up its own ideal of humanitarianism, with popular education and raising the standards of living as its chief purpose. This conflict in fundamental principle is found in every political movement, in which

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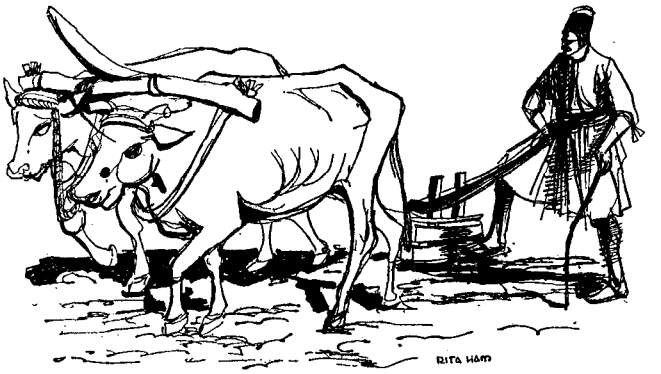
each group tries to sabotage the work of the other when in opposition in the legislature. Each uses the "color problem" irresponsibly as a means both of vote-catching and discrediting the other. Neither is prepared, politically, to carry out its principles of "integration" or "separation" fully; neither could do so, since the matter is too grave to be settled by ordinary party conflict, with its political pressures and vote-catching. Not only does this conflict irritate and incapacitate the European power of calm decision, but it stirs up the natives and colored peoples beyond measure as they read of the furious controversy raging over their body, and are consulted by neither side. The Afrikaner tradition, not only here but in other matters, is the Calvinist one of speaking of the whip and discipline. The English one is to speak of progress and freedom. Psychological extremists on both sides represent themselves either as prophets or as the heroic few making a last stand for democracy. But in practice both have rationalized self-interest into principle; and in practice there is little to choose between the actual treatment by either of the colored races.

This situation, then—a legacy with a trap in it from the original colonization and the Act of Union to this generation—should be remembered in defense of the South African European.

On the other hand, sympathy for the European would be false if it did not honestly remember the other side. Is it necessary, after all, to say again that the dark-skinned peoples are suffering terribly? In the deprivation of ordinary civil rights, in mental frustration and agony, in restrictions upon use of their abilities in "barred" crafts, in the break-up of their family life by residential restrictions in work areas, in incessant arrest and prosecution for statutory offences under discriminating laws they are suffering beyond measure. It is easier to admit it when one realizes that to admit it is not to judge the European to be evil, but only to remember his tremendous problem. Then one does not need to stretch truth (as propagandists do on both sides, deceiving even themselves) by saying alternatively that the black man is enjoying it all, or that the white man is a devil. The suffering of the colored peoples must be admitted, both for justice' sake and to shake the European out of thinking that things can go on as they are. He must reach his choice soon between one of those two alternatives, for there is no half-way measure that does not imply grave injustice and fearful race conflicts to come.

IN THIS situation, half-informed criticism or theorizing from outside can only annoy and harden the South African European. Nor can internal political maneuverings achieve the solution and peace, nor can one visualize any sort of dictatorship that could take the necessary steps without doubly irritating the racial conflicts. The only thing that can really help is for the Europeans to choose something profoundly moral and



evangelical, to choose, in fact, one of the two beatitudes: blessed are the meek, or blessed are the poor. Either they must be meek enough to give up their racial integrity and glory to become part of a "coffee-colored republic," as some in their bitterness have called it, or they must accept a great impoverishment in land and standards of living, and begin again to do humble work which the European has not done here for a hundred years, in order to let the colored peoples form their separate countries. People are waking up to the situation, and it is possible that a moral campaign, uniting the European groups and the Social Action of the churches, with fear of the future as a good beginning of wisdom, might act outside of politics to prepare a common, ready mentality. It is only necessary at present to make the choice.

The natives and others are not unreasonable, and their educated and responsible representatives would accept a sacrifice of their rights in this generation, for their children's sake, if there were a positive plan and pledge by the whole body of Europeans calculated to work out within, say, thirty to sixty years. Race attitudes and the horror of racial differences are so profound a thing psychologically, except in the opposite extremes of Catholic or Communist influence, that I personally think the economic sacrifice would come easier to the European than the sacrifice of racial identity—there is more hope of a peaceful solution by complete "apartheid" than by attempting complete integration.

But this is only a personal opinion, and a conditional one. For the moral renewal needed to make the choice, if it is made at all, is such a tremendous thing that there is no calculating what form it might take, what new patience and social conscience it might develop. It is almost a miracle that is needed, but not quite. For if a really Christian spirit of sacrifice can be shown to be the only hope for even elementary happiness for their children to come, people may agree to reach up to it.

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Appraisal of Socialism

WILL HERBERG

MODERN SOCIALISM presents a most perplexing problem to the historian of social thought. Rarely has there been a movement that has succeeded so well and failed so miserably. Its success is indisputable, and its failure no less so. Over a large part of the free world—in Britain, Scandinavia, the Low Countries, even in France, though conspicuously not in the United States—the Socialist Party has become a major factor in national political life. In the new independent nations of the Far East, Socialism is a word to conjure with. The ideals for which generations of Socialists strove since the inception of the movement have many of them been realized, to the degree that ideals can ever be realized. Even in the United States, virtually the entire Socialist "minimum program" of 1912 has been enacted into law or custom in the past quarter of a century. Contemporary social policy, at home and abroad, follows lines that would have been regarded as thoroughly Socialistic thirty years ago. Socialism has triumphed.

And yet the sense of failure and frustration is not to be denied. What is the Socialism that has triumphed? It is the program and ideology of the "middle way," hardly to be distinguished from a "reformed" capitalism. Where the Socialist parties are not simply the alternative administrators of an established welfare state, they are (as in Western Germany and, in a different way, in the Far East) the apostles of a truculent nationalism fighting for the unity and aggrandizement of the national state. Is this the end of the Socialist trail? Is this what the Socialist dream has finally come to? For years now, the more thoughtful elements in Socialist ranks have been engaged in an "agonizing reappraisal" of the philosophy, program and policies of the movement, but so far this effort has led nowhere. The Socialist movement has become a problem, most of all to the Socialists themselves.

We may gain some insight into the nature of this problem if we recall that Socialism has always been compounded of diverse and perhaps irreconcilable elements. On the one hand, it has striven to give expression to a deep concern for the exploited and oppressed in modern industrial society; on the other, it has proclaimed the gospel of revolutionary class struggle and economic collectivism as the way out of the capitalist hell into the Socialist paradise of eternal and universal well being. It has presented itself as a movement for economic and social reform and at the same time as a total "philosophy of life" with a revelation of the truth and guidance for mankind on every level of human existence. As a reform movement Socialism has triumphed, though the triumph has been an ambiguous one; as a politico-ideological *Weltanschauung,* it has failed most disastrously. It is instructive to examine somewhat more closely the meaning of this failure.

WHAT WE have witnessed, what we are witnessing, is the rapid dissolution of the integral Socialist system under the impact of contemporary historical reality. Socialist economics was, from the beginning, based on two premises: the prediction that capitalism would inevitably bring a steady worsening of the conditions of the working masses, and the conviction that only the "socialization of the means of production" could overcome the evils of capitalism and establish a sound basis for a free society. Both premises have been thoroughly refuted by events. Capitalism, not only in America, has shown an extraordinary capacity for inner reform, and the lot of the working masses in the free world has been consistently improving for the past century. On the other hand, collectivism has displayed a sinister side that only the enemies of Socialism—and a few far-sighted Socialists—dared to suggest before 1917; it has revealed a totalitarian potential that has enabled it to serve as the economic basis of some of the worst tyrannies in history. Socialists everywhere have acquired a new appreciation of the market mechanism of a "free" economy, and their economic goal in the western world is, as we have noted, much closer to the idea of a "mixed" economy, or "reformed" capitalism, than to the traditional collectivist scheme. Very little, if anything, is left of the once imposing structure of Socialist economics.

Will Herberg is the author of *Protestant-Catholic-Jew* and other analyses of religio-social questions.

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The plight of Socialist politics is even worse; it is utterly bankrupt. Classical Socialist politics was based on the class struggle. It saw the fundamental alignments in society as class alignments, and the crucial political problems as problems in which the hostile classes of modern capitalism confronted each other in class conflict, hidden or overt. But today's fundamental alignments, in the view of Socialists themselves, are no longer class alignments in the Marxian sense, and the crucial political problems are no longer (if, indeed, they ever were) class problems. The fateful conflict between totalitarianism and democracy cannot, by the wildest flight of the imagination, be reduced to a class conflict in the Socialist meaning of the term; and the old "left"-"right" topography of politics is widely recognized to be unreal and irrelevant. On those issues that actually count, responsible Socialists today think in terms of a national front against anti-democratic forces within and without, and not in terms of class struggle disrupting the nation and national democratic unity in favor of "international proletarian solidarity." The very phrase sounds, indeed, like the echo of some forgotten tongue.

The bankruptcy of the Socialist system is as complete, though perhaps not so obvious, on the philosophical level. Socialism—even in empirical Britain—always prided itself on being a "philosophy," a total world outlook in which the economic, social, and political programs were felt to be grounded. But what remains of this Socialist "philosophy" today? Its "materialism" has been silently discarded; its eschatological faith in economics and politics as salvation has been abandoned in disillusionment. The entire body of Socialist faith and doctrine now lies in ruins; the old familiar certainties and simplicities are gone, turned into dreadful ambiguities.

But surely the most dreadful ambiguity of all is the ambiguity that pervades Socialism itself, in its very "essence." Is Socialism necessary or desirable? The question was once flung in the face of the Socialists by their anti-Socialist opponents; today, it is a question which Socialists are obliged to ask themselves, and the answer is by no means obvious. As a reform movement, Socialism is clearly not essential everywhere; in America, for example, capitalism has revealed an ability to reform itself (under pressure, no doubt) and to satisfy the needs of the people that would have amazed its eulogists of a generation ago, almost as much as its detractors. As a movement for total economic reconstruction along collectivist lines, it is virtually disavowed, or at least forgotten, by the Socialists themselves. German Social Democrats have dropped talk of nationalization and have made codetermination ("class collaboration"!) the keystone of their economic program; in Britain, responsible leaders of Labor are deprecating talk of further nationalization and are shifting the burden of the Socialist appeal away from economics in the direction of a demand for greater social and cultural equality—which is being achieved in many countries without socialism at all. The one-time integral *Gestalt* of Socialism is irretrievably shattered, and with it has gone the ideological passion of the movement, its all-encompassing vision and goal.

BUT—OUTSIDE the United States—the Socialist movement remains a powerful force in political life. How has it been possible for a movement deprived of its historical idea to preserve its political dynamic? And why, if this has indeed been possible in other parts of the world, has it not proved so for the United States, where the Socialist Party as a political entity has been in almost continuous decline since the end of the first world war?

David A. Shannon's study (*The Socialist Party of America: A History*. Macmillan. $4.50.) provides valuable material for any attempt to deal with these questions, at least so far as this country is concerned. Mr. Shannon's book is the first full-length history of the American Socialist Party that has yet appeared, and it is a perceptive, well-written, and well-documented piece of work. In actuality, it is a history of the failure of the party, for as Mr. Shannon points out, the decline of the movement set in at the time of its greatest strength, long before it had been disrupted by the impact of war and Communism. What were the sources of this failure? In the first place, says Mr. Shannon, American reality. "In a manner of speaking, it was American history that defeated the Socialists," the

many-sided American history that produced a pragmatic, un-class-conscious people in the midst of an incredibly productive capitalism, capable of far-reaching inner reform. But there were internal factors as well, Mr. Shannon makes clear. The Socialist Party in America never quite succeeded in coming to terms with itself as to the kind of party it was or intended to be. It started out as a coalition of diverse social groups and political forces, but it possessed within itself an inner drive toward ideological unity that made for a kind of monolithism.

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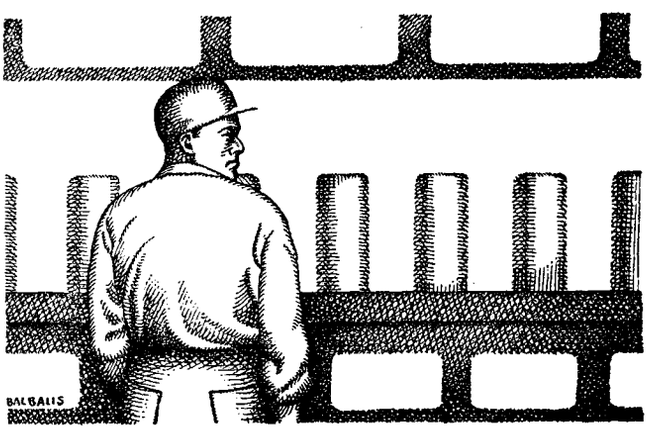
Actually, the Socialist Party in this country never became a factor of real significance in American public life because it never became the political representative of any stable social interest or any significant segment of American society, least of all the working class. On the continent of Europe, Socialism had entered the world of politics as the champion of the democratic rights of the working masses, almost everywhere at the time disfranchised and without political status. It thereby cemented a virtually unbreakable bond with the masses, who came to identify it with their own political being; henceforth nothing could draw the most active sections of the working class away from the Socialist movement.

In the United States, on the other hand, the workers were not, and did not consider themselves to be, a disfranchised, underprivileged class. They had their political rights; they had their recognized, legitimate place as "free and equal" American citizens. Even the immigrant workers, in their process of Americanization, fell into the same pattern. The Socialist Movement, when it did arise, came to them not as the champion of their political existence, but as the advocate of an obscure economic panacea, and it therefore made no real impression. It was thus not the backwardness, but rather the advanced character of American political conditions that robbed the incipient Socialist movement in this country of any effective appeal to the working classes and restricted its influence to certain special groups situated at the margin of American political life.



At its best, American Socialism was a reflection of a minor strain in an older middle-class radicalism. It is not without significance that in 1912, when the membership and vote of the Socialist Party were at an all-time high, the largest number of Socialists in proportion to population were to be found in the Western states, the home grounds of American populism. Rural Utah had proportionately more Socialists than industrial Pennsylvania, Kansas more than Ohio, Texas and Florida more than New York. In Oklahoma, there were five non-Socialists to every Socialist; in New York, the figures were twenty-two to one. Despite its promising beginning, the American Socialist Party was never a workers' movement and only briefly and peripherally touched other sections of the population. This Mr. Shannon's book makes clear, and here he is in agreement with most other serious students of American social radicalism.

IN EUROPE, when the shattering impact of contemporary reality wrought such havoc with the Socialist movement and its ideology, program, and philosophy, it proved possible for the Socialist Parties, secure as they were in the historical allegiance of the working masses and allied groups, to take on new functions, only externally related to the old Socialist goals. In this country, however, where the Socialist Party had never enjoyed such mass allegiances, the shift proved altogether impossible, and the movement shriveled into nothing. In both cases, Socialism, in a fundamental sense, had failed; but in Europe the failure of Socialism did not mean the collapse of the Socialist Parties—in America it did. The survival and enhanced power of the Socialist Parties abroad are to be understood not as the fruit of adherence to the old Socialist goals, but as a consequence of the historical character of these parties as leaders of the masses and the new role they have assumed in championing national interests and administering the welfare state. In America, this way out was never open to the Socialist Party, and so it has been forced off the scene of political life despite its great contributions to the formation of the American social consciousness.

But the past is gone; we are facing the future. Altogether new problems and responsibilities confront us in today's world, problems and responsibilities that cannot conceivably be understood in terms of the traditional categories of a nostalgic, backward-looking Socialism. What sense did the war against Nazism, what sense can the present fateful struggle with Communist totalitarianism, make in terms of the old-line Socialist philosophy of class struggle and collectivism? What can Socialism tell us about a dynamic economy of plenty geared into a permanent war emergency? What has Socialist doctrine to teach us about the new challenges of automation, expanding leisure (threatening to divorce life from meaningful work and production), and the compulsive conformity and mania for "adjustment" that seem to pervade the whole of our culture?

We are, in effect, living in a post-modern, post-Socialist world. Neither the successes nor the failures of the Socialist movement are particularly relevant today. Socialism belongs to the irrevocable past, a tradition upon which we may draw, but no longer a reality by which we may live.

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THE SCREEN

CRUMPETS ANYHOW?

I'M NOT exactly sure what the movie of "Tea and Sympathy" is trying to prove. The stage version was about a boy in prep school who is *suspected* by his fellows, because of his off-beat behavior, of being homosexual. After he fails to prove his manliness when he calls on the town slut, the house-master's wife gives herself to him as the curtain descends. In spite of its controversial finale, with its immoral and dubious remedy for maladjustment, the well-acted play made effective theater.

Because, according to the Production Code, homosexuality is a *verboten* subject for movies, Scriptwriter Robert Anderson had no easy time adapting his own play into a film, and the result is by no means satisfactory. Now the boy is referred to by his school-mates as a "sister-boy," mainly because of his effeminate walk and his interest in music and other arts instead of sports and bull sessions on sex. While the saving of any one boy is an important and interesting subject, it seems somewhat thin as presented in "Tea and Sympathy." It is evident that the setting of the picture is a college; and surely every college, at least since 1940, has discovered psychology and has provided a dean or competent instructor to guide its young people. The boy in this case is particularly naive, the unhappy son of divorced parents, and unfortunately when even his room-mate gives him up and the town slut derisively calls him a "sister-boy" he hopelessly believes he really is a sissy and tries to commit suicide. It is then that the house-master's wife, who has been interested in the sensitive young man, decides to offer him more than tea and sympathy. The film intends us to believe that her method for the care and treatment of sissies was successful. The main part of the story is told in a flashback from the present with the boy, now a happily married author, attending his tenth class reunion. The house-master, now a broken, lonely man, gives him a letter (a contrived device if there ever was one) from the house-master's wife who left her husband after the adultery. Although she, too, is alone and unhappy, she admits both her wrong-doing and her admiration for the young author she once tried to help.

One reason why "Tea and Sympathy" seems so much ado about nothing is that Director Vincente Minnelli allows it to move so slowly, with more talk than action and talk that is often more obvious than weighty. Under his direction, however, most of the roles are well played. John Kerr is excellent as the young man confused as to why he's a sissy and why he must run with the herd. Deborah Kerr is equally poignant as the house-master's wife who wants so desperately to help this boy, little realizing that part of her compulsion is due to the tragic death of her first husband in the war—a very young man who was killed while being conspicuously brave: "In trying to prove he was man, he died a boy." The neglect of her present husband also conditions her interest in John, but this role of the house-master has been changed considerably from the stage version. In the play the house-master was a sadist. In the movie he is a vindictive prig with strong resentment against the young man his wife likes, and Leif Erickson plays the role with a menacing leer as if he were the villain of the piece. Perhaps he's meant to be. And so, no doubt, are the boy's stuffy father (Edward Andrews) who insists that his son be a regular fellow, and all the other boys whose prejudices make them cruelly pursue and tease John. The outstanding exception to all the mean-spirited boys in the film is John's room-mate, played expertly by Darryl Hickman, who comes through beautifully in the film's three best scenes: when he tries to teach John how to walk like a man, when he tries to help John through a difficult hazing episode by making him one of the fellows, and when he tries to explain to the house-master's wife why he cannot room with John next year. "Tea and Sympathy" does have some stirring things to say about man's inhumanity to man, but it uses the wrong methods, and, in its sensational solution, it's trying to eat its crumpets and have them too.

AFTER CONTEMPLATING the cruelties that people perpetrate on each other, it is restful to consider the briny deep of "The Silent World," even though this amazing undersea picture has its scary moments too. Beautifully filmed in Technicolor by Jacques-Yves Cousteau (who wrote the book of the same name) and Louis Malle, the picture takes us on a thrilling marine exploration of the Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean.

Perhaps "The Silent World" is more fun than most of the watery documentaries we've been having lately because it shows us what the divers and crew do aboard the *Calypso,* how these fish-men use their aqua-lungs and how some of the remarkable scenes were photographed. Of course, we've seen lovely fish in films before, but "The Silent World" gives us plenty of time to enjoy the porpoises as they swim in ballet style beside the *Calypso,* and we almost get to know the giant grouper that becomes as tame as a pet when the divers return again and again to his hangout.

The film takes on a spooky aspect when the camera explores a munition ship sunk in 1944, and it assumes a gory aspect during those wonderful shots of the whales, especially when a baby whale gets lacerated

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by the ship's propeller and the sharks turn up in large numbers for an orgy. The two little boys I took to the preview of the film were a bit squeamish about some of these scenes, but they certainly oh-ed and ah-ed over the gorgeous tropical fish in the Indian Ocean, and laughed when the divers rode sea turtles under the water.

M. Cousteau displays a nice sense of humor in reading the narration written by James Dugan. In fact there's quite a bit of humor in this whole expedition—something you don't ordinarily associate with either sea or fish. Best of all, of course, is the color in the underwater effects, and most startling is the opening scene with divers and bubbles shooting through the water like spacemen of the deep.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE POSITION OF SHAW

THE FAILURE of the Cambridge Drama Festival production to impose the intellectual passion and piety of Shaw's "Saint Joan" is in no way shared by Miss Siobhan McKenna. The Irish actress, whose remote, implausible beauty and art scored so heavily last season in "The Chalk Garden," has reaped a large international *réclame* with her portrait of the warrior saint. All of it seems justified, I would say after a single experience, though not in the terms one had, perhaps cynically, expected: the true focus of this performance is subtle and elusive. Nothing is here of easy sweep and incantation, of conventional ecstasy, or of Mr. Auden's *bête noire,* the Joan who "talks like a lady novelist"; nor yet is there anything obvious —except perhaps the thick buttering of Irish brogue which, once the tone is established, is duly subordinated and placed in scale.

If Miss McKenna's impact is largely to be defined in terms of personal quality, her playing rests nonetheless on a secure basis of technique. The long speeches for example—notably that in the Cathedral—are read with a balance of stress and relief, a musical understanding, which summon up images of reputed and legendary grandeur. Miss McKenna has the indispensable magic and authority of *presence,* but beyond that her power issues from a poised and instinctive rejection of extremes. She is "realistic," but her realism is pure, chastened by mind and idea; she is radiant, but inwardly—with the austere and distant radiance of the soul. Her performance begins in complexity and arrives at what is most mysterious, simplicity; at the last, it moves—but quietly—into the absolute finality of nature and of art: it becomes explicable only in terms of itself.

In this year of the Shaw centenary, pithy, resolving statements about the most considerable dramatist in English since Shakespeare seem dilatory and futile. Everywhere, menace and surprise lurk: drum Shaw out for stoniness of heart and pleasure, but recognize then, in the letters to the Abbess of Stanbrook, a private person alert to every grace of human feeling; charge him with sentiment, and his whip of reason will flick you smartly, draw blood. Image him as rationalist, as secular saint, as crypto-fascist or court jester and suddenly, while you fondle your safe and paltry ikon, he will turn and smash it with a phrase. To move into Mr. Louis Kronenberger's metaphor, Shaw is a continent, vast though uneven: full of mountain ranges and low-lying, sheltered valleys; fecund and rich, yet pitted with scrubby deserts of aridity. One's assumptions about a continent are limited, and so we travel circumspectly across the Shavian landscape, noting the dialectical agility and poise of the language; the proliferating portraits of temperament and personality; the large, passionate concern with richer possibilities of life; the often tedious, sometimes noisy intrusions of the pamphleteer; intermittent boredom; a surprising insecurity of taste. All of this we observe, and more, but sense, too, our inability to discern the specific lay of the land. We look for the single, self-contained, reverberating perfect exemplum—is it, perhaps, "Saint Joan"?

"Saint Joan" enjoys, in public favor, a certain generous esteem as Shaw's greatest play: "great," that is, in virtue of its motifs and implications; its high world of sacrifice and vocation and tragic necessity; the audacity of its extreme encounters in time and eternity—not to mention the unique freshness and glamour, irrecoverable, of the historical fact which is its point of departure. Yet the limiting flaws of Shaw as dramatist, sketched superficially above, also confine "Saint Joan." Its language stubbornly resists any dilation of emotional eloquence; the speech about the lambs, the larks and the healthy frost is not intolerable, but it is a poeticism. ("Good Heavens!" cried Sir Desmond MacCarthy of this passage. "Where has his imagination flown to? This is the voice not of Jeanne d'Arc but of a suffragette and a cry from a garden city.") Formally, the play is a little heavy and dull; its unity is not apparent and its momentum slow. It is hard to deny that Joan herself is talked rather than created. Then with respect to historical fact: Shaw is sportive and capricious, calling mischievously, when he will, on private powers of "divination." One need not assent to Mr. Eliot's chilly observation that truth seems not to mean to Shaw what it does to the rest of us, to be troubled nonetheless by aspects of the trial. Finally, we have grown less tolerant of those

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moments in Shaw when—as Thomas Mann puts it—the aria turns into an editorial; passages which jar and dislodge the aesthetic tone, and of which "Saint Joan" is never wholly free.

Yet all of this is so much straw—"Saint Joan" is shot through with grace and light, inhabiting its place at the center of modern drama with secure authority: inevitably one must recognize it, again with Mann, as "the most fervent thing Shaw ever wrote . . . a work inspired with a truly elating sense of justice; a work in which the mature rationality of an *esprit fort* bows before sanctity." Joan herself cuts across the attitudes with which the dramatist has invested her to stand in the lonely splendor of time, victim and symbol of the tragic political nature of reality. Shaw's dilemma was to make her comprehensible, and then accessible, to the diminished contemporary imagination of faith: since it is not possible to "explain" sanctity or beauty or charity in terms of anything but itself, he chose to make her available to us as Idea. The quality of "Saint Joan" as dramatic experience is supremely the quality of its ideas.

Now much nonsense is talked of ideas in art: we fear them as the nullifiers of something vaguely called "life," as agents of propaganda and enemies of spirit, as didacticism. Yet all life ultimately aspires to form, and form is idea: nor need didacticism be straitening—delight in the variety and play of existence is not inevitably alien to the reasonable passion. Experience presents itself naturally to Shaw's intelligence as ideology: he sees each of the persons in the drama of Joan as representative of an intellectual system, but not schematically: idea is indissolubly bound up with temperament, the vessel to contain it, to give it shape and form. Joan herself is the spirit when it is free, all quicksilver and flame and pure idea, and the tragic rhythm of this play lies in the collision, on a human field, of absolutes—of Joan's necessary purity and the necessary *im*purity of her antagonists. Hence the disputed epilogue (facile and comic in this production, but actually full of rue, grieving) with Joan seen as permanent image and idea, apart from the negligible local conditions of her fate. Shaw's moral passion becomes, here, so mastering, that he steps *outside* the fable to comment—which degree of distance and alienation should determine, perhaps, our own point of view.

A production of "Saint Joan" which does not establish and enforce this mode of understanding is futile. Idea, I might observe, is also Style, just as style is a way of making ideas viable, and it is here that Mr. Albert Marre fails to communicate the experience of "Saint Joan." (He would do well to heed Miss McKenna's example in this instance: her most startling innovation—the brogue—would be in itself merely a wilful, tiresome *frisson;* as a device to release the Shavian idea of Joan, however, it is richly ingenious, a notable discovery.) Mr Marre devised, last season, an idiom (perhaps an excess of idioms) in which to convey the wit and truth of Miss Bagnold's highly personal comedy, "The Chalk Garden"; he has imposed no such unity on "Saint Joan." It is difficult to tell how many failures of talent there are in this production; everywhere there are failures of intuition and style. A Warwick florid and circuitous; an Inquisitor who suggests only a menacing toad in a cowl; ecclesiastical figures wholly lacking any investiture of dignity—what relation can these have either to history or to art? Only Mr. Michael Wager's Dauphin, whining, wizened, indolent, is freshly observed. And if the sense of tragic pity, which is vagrant and elusive in "Saint Joan," is to be taken at full tide, something rather more formal and austere, rhetorical even, is demanded in production: one must have the sudden, chill awareness of institutional society marshaling its power gravely to extirpate the rebel: the pathos of the fine spirit, destroyed by what it recognizes to be both larger and smaller than itself, must dilate and expand.

I hesitate to close on a sombre note, but Mr. Wager and the numinous Miss McKenna excepted, this production largely confirms my gathering fear that our knowledge of how to play Shaw has begun to fade. Shakespeare, we have lost; Moliere, the Greeks, Ibsen—must Shaw, too, be dispatched into the limbo of American non-style? The pleasure of anticipating this season's starry revivals of "Major Barbara" and "The Apple Cart" is one not unmixed with apprehension. (*At the Phoenix.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

LETTER TO FRANCE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: That François Mauriac should attempt to judge French national policy in the light of Christian principles deserves high praise. May his "Letter to France" [Sept. 14] inspire American Christians to follow his example; for there can be no more realistic approach to the problems which confront a nation. His article therefore merits our close attention.

I have found his conception of France's mission somewhat disturbing. He says, briefly, that France has a unique "vocation to justice," and if she responds to this calling, she will truly "possess the earth because she will possess the hearts of men."

We can dismiss as romantic his statement that Christ's promise to the meek was addressed to France in particular. But a naturalistic interpretation of the Beatitudes such as Gandhi's misses the point for a Christian, and M. Mauriac surely knows that the

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promises are eschatological. It is in Christ that the meek will possess the earth, in Him that they do in fact already possess it, in hope. The Beatitudes promise nothing to those whose gaze is on the temporal. In this world the meek are despised; men give their hearts to the powerful and to the successful. Christ on earth did not possess the hearts of men. Frenchmen, if they would imitate Him as M. Mauriac hopes, cannot count on a consolation which was not His.

Most certainly France has a "vocation to justice." This calling, however, is the same that has been given to all Christian persons and communities: to love all humanity in Christ, and to do them justice for His sake and for the sake of His Kingdom, in the building up of which it is our great and mysterious privilege to cooperate. It is as glorious as that—and as simple. M. Mauriac's notion of a strange "national ordination," a "stamp" which France bears, and which he compares to the sacramental character of Holy Orders, is but meaningless mystification. These imaginings have nothing to do with the facts of Christian doctrine, and can only distract us from them. There is no messianic élite among the nations; indeed, whenever a nation has thought of itself as such, it has brought disaster to humanity—a fact which M. Mauriac himself deplores.

France must face her situation with the most rigorous realism. For a seriously religious patriot this means realizing that the Christians of France are one in their magnificent calling with Christians of other nations; and that all these nations, together with France, are inevitably destined to pass away. Do justice not in the name of France, who if this civilization should destroy itself may not even be remembered, but in the name of Christ, Who lives and reigns forever.

JOAN T. GABRIEL.

WOMEN AND POETRY

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editors: In her review of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's new book of poems, Bette Richart uses a good bit of her space in the consideration of what she feels to be, in general, the position of women as poets [Sept. 7]. Their plight, in her view, is almost as dismal as their output.

Asperity is a poor—though apparently frequent—byproduct of the discussion of poetry, and I agree so heartily with Miss Richart's rather unarguable points about a) Mrs. Lindbergh's poems (which I had reviewed in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* before reading Miss Richart's criticism and which impressed me exactly as they impressed her) and about b) "poetesses," that I find it discouraging to discover how wildly we differ as to conclusions drawn. However, to set aside the always-debatable matter of personal taste, such as the easy sneer at the "very gifted" Emily Dickinson—that blend of gossamer and steel—as "cozy," (here Miss Richart seems to have mistaken the scabbard for the sword) two issues are raised.

"The brutal fact," writes Miss Richart, "is that one cannot be a suffragette in the arts. It is a woman's grace to blur the edges of anguish, an artist's necessity to sharpen them, and seldom the twain shall meet." Almost everything seems to be wrong with this particular statement.

It may or may not be "a woman's grace to blur the edges of anguish," but since when must she carry this mission into the field of art? Furthermore, surely the artist does *not* have the "necessity to sharpen them." Surely the artist's single necessity is to wrestle with his angel of truth; success will bring, in its exact degree, the blessing which is art. For the artist in this mortal world the truth will mostly be a grim one; sometimes, *thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise.*

In any case, certainly no poet worth the name will try to write a poem *in order to* do *anything.*

More dismal—and more inaccurate—is Miss Richart's implication that the stars-are-bon-bons kind of tripe is current among women poets as opposed to "poetesses." "Poetry is not a ladylike accomplishment, like flower-arrangements or china-painting." How true, how true. But who, among honest, capable poets or poetry readers ever, in their most fatuous moments, thought it was? As a poet one is saddened by this approach on the part of a critic as obviously sincere and intelligent as Miss Richart; but as a reviewer through whose hands passes the sinewy, skillful, passionate work of fine (women) poets, one must attempt a friendly refutation of so lusty an injustice.

Who has compared the work of modern poets to the babblings of the insane? Who has implemented the League For Sanity In Poetry? I am sure that Miss Richart knows that the appropriate names are not those of women.

And meantime, what are the cozy ladies saying, as their bon bons twinkle in the skies?

For the season of pyromaniacs, the dog-days
Are here, and now even the sun of a kiss
Sets a city on fire, and the innocent roses
Are the fever of foolish world-summers; and this
Beloved of my skeleton laughed, and said "Tell me—
Why give me your heart like an eagle that flies,
Or a sun? You should give me a crow for my dinner
Or a flat dirty penny to lay on my eyes."

Lullaby.
Adult and child
sink to their rest
At sea the big ship sinks and dies,
lead in its breast.

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Lullaby.
Let nations rage,
let nations fall
The shadow of the crib makes an enormous cage
upon the wall.

Lullaby.
Sleep on and on,
war's over soon.
Drop the silly, harmless toy,
pick up the moon.

The streets that offer it a snag-toothed smile,
An age that's paved with excrement, with wrongs
That choke the breath, could make the precious vile
If they could reach it . . .

And then to a lost catch repeat
The carking woe, the little bliss:
Like things every mortal hears,
But these tell them in a tongue
Barbarous to your ears.

The halt looks into the eyes of the halt and looks
away.
No response there that he can see
To receive amply and repay

But the halt will lead the blind; indeed
Note how the generous stick gestures to precede
The blind, blundering in his black, black, black need.

Come, drunks and drug-takers, come, perverts
unnerved!
Receive the laurel, given, though late, on merit;
to whom and wherever deserved.
Parochial punks, trimmers, nice people, joiners
true-blue,
Get the hell out of the way of the laurel. It is
deathless and it isn't for you.

These are, respectively, the voices of Edith Sitwell, Elizabeth Bishop, Babette Deutsch, Leonie Adams, Josephine Miles and Louise Bogan, (the latter excepted by Miss Richart).

Let versifiers spread their jam with poetesses, but let us not denigrate the robust quantity and quality of good, unladylike poets.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

C. P. SNOW

Writer in the Welfare State

GEOFFREY WAGNER

IT BEGINS: "The fire in our habitual public-house spurted and fell." Not some nineteenth-century triple-decker, but a *roman-fleuve* of allegedly contemporary England by C. P. Snow, a novelist who has recently been very highly praised indeed, chiefly for partial reasons. For he is, according to Frank O'Connor, "leading the revolt of the younger writers." This is to say that in a lengthy series dealing with a number of recurrent characters, and centered on one of them, L.S. or Lewis Eliot, Snow has set himself to re-introduce old-fashioned values in the contemporary novel.

The over-all pattern of the Lewis Eliot series has been carefully planned. Thus the third installment, *Time of Hope* (1949), takes place rather before the previous panel, *The Light and the Dark* (1948), while the reader of *The New Men* (1954) can only find out about Lewis' marriage (which collapses in the new *Homecoming*) by reading *Time of Hope* (1949). Then, in this 1949 work, we are supposed to be familiar, from *Strangers and Brothers* of 1940, with Charles March, a character who comes into the foreground in the very latest addition. Further, a *roman à clef* business is going on all the time, Barford being Harwell, Pratt's being White's Club, and so forth.

This careful design has been called Proustian, but it cannot be said to be so since it fails to give any real dynamic to the individual novels of the series, each of which is structurally as humdrum as possible. The highly-praised *The Masters,* which contains the most narrative movement, merely spins out for some 400 pages a petty contest between academic factions, and this kind of novel is not adapted for inaction. One chapter of *The Masters* is well titled "Stalemate," and despite the artful overlapping of dialogue between these books few characters develop. Lewis is left very much the same at the end of any one book as at the beginning of it. Unlike Proust's, Snow's pattern is im-

Mr. Wagner, art critic and novelist, is the author of *The Dispossessed* and other novels.

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posed from without; it is not the result of a functional organic necessity. As a result, the reader is always about five jumps ahead of the writer, not to mention of L. S. Eliot; in *Homecoming* we are boringly aware of the fact that his wife is going to kill herself, pages before—too late—Lewis himself realizes it. Even the *Times Literary Supplement* has admitted that some of the novels in the series "may well, in time, become unreadable."

Secondly, Lewis Eliot is such an obnoxious *alter ego*. Snow has confessed his proximity to this character. The two were born in the same year, came from similar lower middle-class backgrounds, and have like careers in the Civil Service and at Cambridge. But the reader cannot help being put off by the constant pats on the back Lewis gets from this character or that throughout the series. Everyone is always telling him what a good fellow he is, and in *Homecoming* he even reminds himself ("to others, I devoted myself with a lack of self-regard . . .").

Finally, the nineteenth-century novel was highly descriptive and not designed for use by a writer who seems to suspect words. One takes it that Snow's reflective passages are deliberately banal, as in *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, but unlike Marquand he has not shown himself elsewhere able to write anything but the most workaday English prose. And there are many discernible flaws in his pretentiously naturalistic documentation. For example, the criticism of American policy vis-à-vis Japan is misinformed in *The New Men,* where two "scientists" play around with a lump of plutonium in a perfectly impossible manner. Nor are the sentences always grammatical, e.g. "Sometimes their openness made the ruses, the secretiveness of such as I seem shabby."

THE CLUE to all this sincere, if misguided, effort is to be found in Snow's criticism, where we find him the British Clifton Fadiman, calling Joyce "as dead as cold potatoes" and Leslie Fiedler "pseudo-intellectual." At the same time he has been backing the most unlikely choices among recent younger novelists. Now the exponents of this anti-experimental viewpoint praise such British novelists as Joyce Cary, Charles Morgan, R. C. Hutchinson, and C. P. Snow. A glance at the new chapter on Snow in Walter Allen's *Reading A Novel,* at recent British Council publications, at the two full-page essays on him in the *TLS,* shows that the writer like Snow is confirmed as the "official" British novelist, the voice of England's cultural conscience—steady, unexcitable, and possessing a strong moral fiber. In a word, the English as they like to see themselves.

In writing of six years of war, of perhaps the most exciting period in England's history, Snow allows two bombs to drop on London. Here is the first: "We heard the whine of a bomb, then the jar and rumble. The light bulbs swung, and flecks of plaster fell on the carpet.

'About a quarter of a mile away,' said Pearson, after a second's consideration. He picked a spicule of plaster off his lapel."

The second is similar: "when a flying bomb grunted and vibrated outside, cut off, and then jarred the floor beneath us (it was by now the July of 1944), all the notice he took was a slight stiff inclination sideways, arms straight by his side."

This is not naturalism, of course. It is merely a version of Superman dodging a couple of apartment buildings chucked at him and saying, "Folks getting mighty unneighborly 'round here.' " It is as naturalistic, in fact, as "Sapper" or Henty. The one character who doesn't measure up to this cliché of the strong, silent Britisher in Snow's work is George Passant, and he fails in *Homecoming.*

Unfortunately for this kind of writer, you cannot put the clock back; you ignore experiment at your peril. Snow loses by comparison with as modest a writer as Galsworthy, who began before the great experiments of our century had been felt and who, in turn, looks hopelessly clumsy beside the similar familial sagas of Martin Du Gard or Duhamel. In any case, to be *purposefully* trite like Snow only seems to me another means of experiment, or acknowledgment of its need. No, the price paid for this reactionary literary attitude (for which Snow seeks theoretic sanction in Percy Lubbock) is a loss of insight into contemporary material. There is not only the Britisher cliché in this series, there is his opposite, the bounder or cad, like R. S. Robinson of *Homecoming;* and there are the Mitteleuropean scientist, called Puchwein, and the Hollywood academics of *The Masters.* Finally, there is no universalizing of the material; we don't care whether the circulation of a local paper in *Strangers and Brothers* is one or five thousand, and we cannot care which of the two crashing bores succeeds in *The Masters.*

Snow's vision, such as it is, depends on a wholesome Victorian liberalism which had its apogee in the British General Election of 1945, but which has not since proved, for better or worse, to possess much cultural force. In *Homecoming* we meet the liberals of the earlier books moving to the right; but this is merely a matter of party affiliation, it does not represent any deep experience in the social organism. We notice the gray sameness of these characters, all of which are equally interchangeable. Perhaps, then, this is the Welfare State biting the hand that fed it; for C. P. Snow has clearly identified himself with the managerial class that suspects art and art has revenged itself upon him.

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Of Moral Transition Ending in Anarchy

THE SETTING SUN. By Osamu Dazai, Translated by Donald Keene. New Directions. $3.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

"IT'S as though an unseasonable frost had fallen over the whole world." This commentary, made in *The Setting Sun* about modern artists, describes both the element of the monochromatic novel and what happens to it as a work of art. Yet in seeking to bring nothingness to life with an outlook of resolute if unquiet despair, it drains an abyss whose nadir had eluded western novelists bent in the same idiom; its nothingness has superior scope for being more compact. Osamu Dazai, it is clear, knew when the abyss was staring back at him.

Because few contemporary novels rival it in being so splendidly monomanic and so cruelly moving, the would-be reader requires filling-in on the author. The fine translator obliges with notes in which we learn that Mr. Dazai's first successful suicide attempt followed four failures and coincided with his thirty-ninth birthday; other pastimes included morphine and "curing" tuberculosis (which disqualified him for military service) with alcohol.

In his literary habits he counted on European influences but is more indebted to the classic Japanese writers and poets. He was born into the lower aristocracy, but in his novel he is, through Kazuko, the young woman narrator, a spokesman for all the disinherited upper class; at the same time he adumbrates the general disillusion of Japanese of every social stratum in the immediate postwar life, as is shown by the unique reception handed this book when it came out in 1947. It was in 1948 that Dazai launched himself into the swollen Tamagawa Reservoir, after completing a second successful novel. His only other work to appear in this country, the short story *Villon's Wife,* garnered critical huzzahs.

"I wanted to become coarse, to be strong—no, brutal. I thought that was the only way I could qualify as a 'friend of the people' . . . I had to oppose my father's blood. I had to reject my mother's gentleness. I had to be cold to my sister . . . I can't return to the world I abandoned, and all the 'people' give me is a seat in the visitor's gallery."

Thus Naoji, Kazuko's drug-wasted brother, in the testimonial he leaves before taking his life. At this point Dazai nearly commits suicide as an artist, by steeping the testimonial in his own self-pity, which makes Naoji, now patent as the author himself, a spectral puppet. Until then the novel has evolved ingeniously with underplayed resourcefulness; Kazuko is very true, she actually seems to be the prober; the mother is a creation of remarkable stature. The action is interior, at times related in parables, and constantly by means of the multiple flashback; Dazai personalizes all these conventions and gets graphic effects.

We know so little concerning Japan's immaterial condition today that we cannot readily distinguish where the accuracy of Dazai's picture leaves off and his own *agonie de vivre* supervenes. The historical background for the nation's shudder of recognition over this dirge for a lost generation probably commences with the accelerated westernization and democratization, which promised eventual overthrow for the profoundest traditions, and the coming of a more sinister, impersonal kind of repression. Ironic that many believe history to be writing off this ancient world at a time occidental fascination with it is at its apex. This is perhaps unlike any previous stage in Japanese history, although the classic *Tale of Genji* reflects an epoch of more romantic and passionate despair.

The typical Japanese love tragedy ends in double suicide; yet suicide is not traditionally, either in their life or lore, a gesture of ultimate despair, nor a rejection of principle and sacrifice of dignity, since it is really a final tragic reiteration thereof, an act of selflessness. That this tradition may have gone the way of so many others is suggested both in Naoji's statement of futility and in Dazai's own occidental-style suicide.

There would appear to be no definite prototypes for the "people of the setting sun"; crammed with symptoms of disintegration, they incarnate an oblique humanity trying to survive in our world. They consider this a twilight period boding the climacteric, yet alternately a moral transition. But for them it is anarchy, for they embrace the irrational and declare morality defunct. Then why do they struggle if not to slay conscience? That is why the "revolution" is an imposture, failing to bring unfettered love or anything newer than dissolute hedonism and pious morbidity, with attendant perversion of human relationships. Some measure of its aimlessness is allowed by Kazuko's one last conviction that she can go on living only if she has a child by the married, alcohol-poisoned novelist Uehara, for whose debauchery she desires to love him. Persuaded that otherwise life is meaningless, it never occurs to her that this is the same heaven into which she will introduce a child.

Dazai has made some vivid disavowals startling even in this age; still he commits the same hypocrisy as the nihilistic existentialists who belie their convictions by refusing to make the necessary final confession, who never fail to come off at the last minute with lip service to the notion that life is after all worth living. This servility does not arrive by way of recanting, since it is a backhanded tribute at best; but they are trapped into it by their peculiar necessity of proving that books are worth writing. By this refusal to convert negation into a way of life, however, Osamu Dasai indicated that if life was not worth living it was yet worth dying for.

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A Modern Epic in Miniature

BEOWULF. By Bryher. Pantheon. $2.75.

By R. T. HORCHLER

THOSE WHO know Bryher's historical romances will be surprised that *Beowulf* is a contemporary war novel, about the bombing of London in World War II. Despite its contemporaneity, however, this novel is as "historical" in its theme as Bryher's other novels, demonstrating her special gift for evoking the spirit of an age, for capturing a pattern of life that is no more. Yet the concern of *Beowulf* is not so much with memorable events and characters as with the larger historicity of things: the weaving together in time of the strands of human experience, every one unique, into the vast, repetitious tapestry called history.

There is really no plot to *Beowulf*. It is simply a brief record of what it was, for very ordinary men and women, to live in London under the shadow of the blitz. Death and horror could never be quite forgotten, in those days, but for the most part war to the Londoner was a thousand minor harassments and privations—shortages, rationing, the tyranny of forms and coupons, bad food, cold rooms, overcrowding and overwork. It meant the bombs, too, but even bombing soon became part of a wretched, wearisome routine, with the cold and damp of the shelters more palpably menacing than the bombs.

Beyond the common experience, of course, the war had a meaning distinctive and personal in the life of every human being it touched. For most, the war spelled loss—of identity, order, freedom, even hope. For some, ironically, it brought discovery of these things. All this—in its diversity and unity—is revealed in a series of dramatic vignettes, a sampling of experience in representative lives.

The central symbol in this novel of England's "finest hour," the point where all the lives converge, is a teashop. The shop is named, appropriately, after an unglamorous yet highly practical domestic instrument—the Warming Pan. In this convincingly natural environment we meet equally convincing Londoners: the two maiden ladies who own and manage the Warming Pan, the old man and the girl who live in rooms above the shop, the waitress, the cook, some of the neighbors, and certain of the tea room's clientele.

These are familiar types of "the common people," a little sentimentalized, and cast as the heroes of an epic in miniature. Epic heroism is a joke among them—they give the name Beowulf to a foolish plaster bulldog which ornaments the Warming Pan—but the heroic references are not simply ironic. In their way, these anonymous citizens are indeed the heroes of the siege of London. They are twentieth-century heroes, valiant against bureaucrats as well as bombs, sacrificing food stamps instead of blood, and pouring their ritual libations with tea.

With all its epic overtones, however, *Beowulf* retains its modesty and humor. It is a slight piece of work, intelligent, ingenious, beautifully and subtly written, and completely without pretension. The closing affirmation of England's dauntless spirit is made by Selina Tippett, bewildered spinster of uncertain age: "Oh dear," she said . . . "I do think it is very embarrassing to be bombed."

Birth and Infancy of Communism

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR. By George F. Kennan. Princeton University Press. $7.50.

By FRANCIS B. RANDALL

GEORGE F. Kennan is probably the most distinguished egghead to serve our government since World War II. Formerly the State Department's theoretician of the containment of Communism, and onetime Ambassador to Russia, Mr. Kennan is now sitting out the Eisenhower Administration at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, writing a long history of Russian-American relations from the Communist revolution to 1920, of which *Russia Leaves the War* is the first volume.

This book covers the four months from Lenin's *putsch* in November, 1917 to his treaty of peace with Germany in March, 1918. Mr. Kennan recounts the dreadful birth and infancy of Communism, and describes the actions, reactions, and inactions of President Wilson and his Department of State as they puzzled over the new government in Petrograd and tried to keep Russia in World War I. He follows the doings of the handful of Americans in Russia at the time, our consuls and military attachés, our Red Cross representatives and intelligence agents, Ambassador David Francis and even his cook. All these things are brought together here for the first time and described with thoroughness. It will be hard to supplement Mr. Kennan's international documentation until the State Department's top-secret files are thrown open after the customary one hundred and fifty years, or until the Kremlin is captured by an enemy army. For anyone interested in American dealings with Russia in those months, this is *the* book.

Of course, American dealings with Russia in that period were trivial. Lenin founded Communist power and took Russia out of the War, with hardly any attention paid to America. Events in Russia were beyond American control and mostly beyond American knowledge. To Wilson and America, the really horrifying result of the period was that Russia left the War; they were so obsessed with the struggle against the Kaiser's Germany that they overlooked the unimaginably worse evil, the establishment of Communism. American policy was directed toward keeping Russia in a

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war which it would and could no longer fight. These facts reduce Mr. Kennan's study to a chronicle of folly and futility. He begins with a prose elegy on Saint Petersburg, the most beautiful city in the world, and proceeds to a grave comedy in which elderly Southern gentlemen sputter in coded telegraphs in defense of the honor of ladies of their household; in which young Midwestern progressives risk the lives of the whole American community in Russia to steal a set of worthless, forged documents from Trotsky; in which, offstage, an imprisoned Rumanian diplomat is dispatched toward Sweden accompanied by a Bolshevik carrying orders to have him shot at the border, but who is captured at the last minute by Finnish Whites who "with relish" execute the Bolshevik instead. The Russians have a proverb, "It would all be very funny if it weren't all so sad."

From this pathetic farce, Mr. Kennan draws the lessons of a professional diplomat. Some countries, like Russia in revolution, are beyond control by American or any foreign action, but, Mr. Kennan indicates, this does not mean that American policy has to be ignorant, misdirected, and futile. The Americans involved at that time, from Wilson to his Ambassador's cook, had little knowledge of Russian affairs when they began their service. We could at least have placed intelligent, trained people in diplomatic posts. Washington drew its information about Russia from three contradictory sources, its diplomatic establishment, the Creel Committee's intelligence agents, and some Red Cross free lancers, none of which communicated with the others, and the last two of which bypassed the Department of State and left it in ignorance. We could at least have coordinated our organizations for gathering information abroad. Wilson and Colonel House frequently conducted foreign relations themselves without consulting the State Department, and the State Department in turn rarely informed its foreign staff, even Ambassador Francis, of policy decisions in Washington. We could at least have granted our foreign service officers the courtesy of keeping them posted, and avail ourselves of their services. Mr. Kennan implicitly pleads first for intelligence and high standards in the diplomatic profession, and second for greater reliance by the government upon it. Let the State Department's Russian desk and our Embassy in Moscow be staffed by experts trained in the Russian field, he suggests, and the making and carrying out of Russian policy put largely in the hands of such professionals.

In these days of the Great Retreat from Reason, it is good to be reminded by a distinguished public servant that intelligence works better than unintelligence, that organization is superior to disorganization, and that any enterprise is probably best carried on by educated professionals. Mr. Kennan's professional scholarship is so successful that one almost wishes that his return to Washington would be deferred long enough for him to complete this history.

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Early American

MR. VESSEY OF ENGLAND. Edited by Brian Waters. Introduction by Earl Schenk Miers. Putnam. $2.95.

By JOHN COURNOS

JOHN HENRY VESSEY, of the English gentry, whose earliest English ancestor came as one of the Norman conquerors while a later one affixed his name among the forty signatures to Magna Carta, arrived in this country in 1859 for a brief tour which took in Canada. Mr. Miers' Introduction and the blurb on the jacket speak of it as a twelve weeks' tour, which is not quite accurate if you deduct the days taken to cover the sea journey to America and back.

It is important in this case to be specific, for this is Mr. Vessey's diary of the tour dug up by his grandson, Brian Waters, and now published for the first time. It must be obvious that a traveler, even an energetic one, as Mr. Vessey was at thirty-one, could not possibly see as much in under ten weeks as in the twelve claimed for him here. Having journeyed 11,000 miles "from the City of Quebec in the North to the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama in the South, to the prairies of the West beyond the Mississippi, to the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia in the East," it becomes evident that Mr. Vessey may have seen the country extensively but surely not intensively. "A churchman and a Tory, he was opinionated, very English in his outlook," says his grandson, who has supplied the biographical notes to the volume, adding that he had "that finer quality of being fair-minded in recording his opinions." In these words, perhaps, you have the key to this small volume of first-hand observations on America just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War.

Oddly enough, although the traveler apportioned a great deal of his brief stay in this country to the South, there is scarcely a hint of the trouble brewing or of the portentous events in the offing—

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but two years away. The explanation is simple enough. A gentleman who valued manners and courtesy, he was strongly impressed with his landed hosts in the South, for they had these things in abundance, and even in Boston he found mannerly folks who saw no wrong in slavery. Moreover, he had the good or ill luck to meet kind masters to whom their slaves were devoted, and apparently had seen no others. Indeed, having at one time thought that one day slavery would be abolished, he had, since visiting the South, arrived "at a very different conclusion!" In any case, he blamed the existence of slavery as much on the British manufacturer who purchased the raw cotton as much as he did the Southerner who grew the cotton.

It was rather naive of Mr. Vessey to come to a new country, still in the making, and expect to find in it the equivalent of the older civilization of England. He should have waited a hundred years. His remarks at this date on the manners and customs of America of 1859 can only serve to entertain us. Thus:

"You never find a Yankee pulling his own country to pieces to a foreigner . . . he declares it is the finest country under heaven with the fastest steamboats, longest railroads, highest mountains and biggest rivers . . ."

"Thought the people in these new Illinois villages had a more honest John Bull look about them than you often see. I attribute it to their recent arrival as settlers . . . It may only be my English prejudice . . ."

"Dollars and cents pervade all creation in this country. They do nothing that 'won't pay.' "

On booking return passage, paying double for a full cabin, Mr. Vessey finally consented to sell the other half to Chevalier Nychoff who "although an American" he found "to be a man of clean habits, shaving and washing once a day and not one of those chewing, spitting, disgusting Yankees, of whom I had such a horror of putting up for ten days in the same berth, that I paid the additional half fare to have the berth to myself." He adds that "if anything will make an Englishman proud of his own country, it is visiting this."

In his own country Mr. Vessey was a man of substance and importance. He died in 1887 at sixty; hence did not live long enough to see this country taking over the culture of the old (and improve vastly on its cleanliness!), nor the humbling of his own. The fact is, he had been born too soon!

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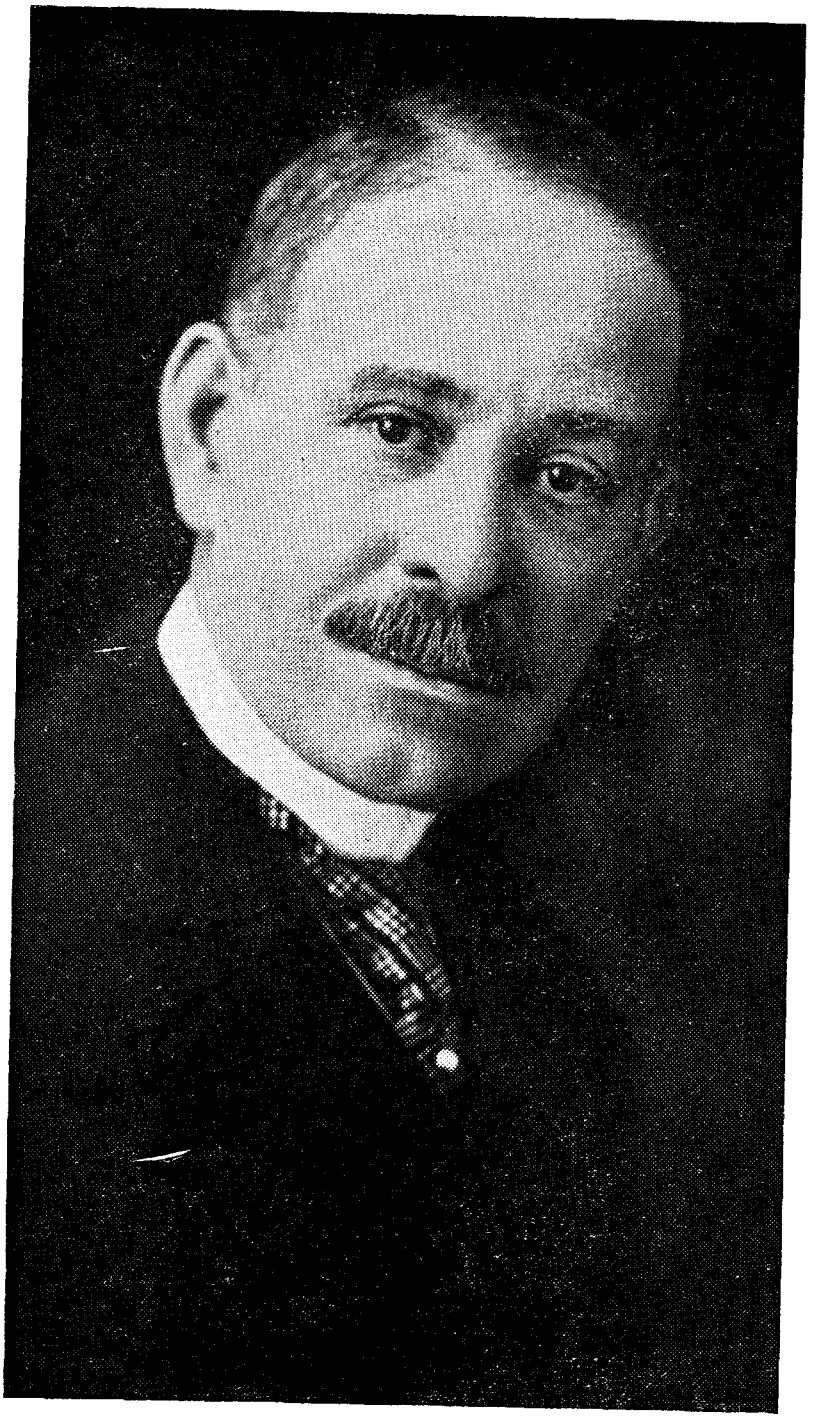

DIAGNOSIS: knife wound in the heart

UNDER THE blazing blue sledge hammer of a Chicago heat wave, the cramped, makeshift operating room shimmered like an oven, reeking of ether and carbolic. Six sweat-drenched, frock-coated doctors huddled in fascination, watching deft hands reach into a human chest and expertly stitch up a wound in the redness of a pulsing heart.

Would he live? The surgeon mopped his brow and hoped. The year was 1893; the operation, fantastic.

Live? Yes, he would live for many more years, thanks to the skill and courage of Dr. Daniel Hale Williams.

Abandoned as a child, Williams, a Negro, had struggled hard for his medical education. Now only 37, he had already founded America's first interracial hospital, Provident. And here he had just performed the first of the pioneering operations that would mark him as one of our country's great surgeons.

Sensitive and brave, Daniel Hale Williams was blessed with an abundance of the same urge to help his fellow man that binds and strengthens Americans today.

And it is these strong, unified Americans who are our country's real wealth—the real backing behind our nation's Savings Bonds. In fact, they're the true reason why U. S. Savings Bonds are considered one of the world's finest, safest investments.

For your own security—and for America's—why not invest in Savings Bonds regularly? And hold on to them!

It's actually easy to save—when you buy Series E Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Once you've signed up at your pay office, your saving is done *for you*. The Bonds you receive pay good interest—3% a year, compounded half-yearly when held to maturity. And the longer you hold them, the better your return. Even after maturity, they go on earning 10 years more. So hold on to your Bonds! Join Payroll Savings today—or buy Bonds where you bank.

Safe as America – U.S. Savings Bonds

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